

PAINING PALS - CHERRY REVISION

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
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1 EXT. SCHOOL

1

Students walk by a big sign that says "Collaboration Week!!!"

People are walking up to a table with a big banner labeled "Art contest Sign-ups! \$1000 Prize!" Jackson shuffles up with his hands in his pockets, and signs his name. The girl at the table gives him an info sheet and at the top it says "Name + Partners Name:_____".

JACKSON

Do I have to work with someone for this project?

GIRL AT TABLE

Yeah, it's literally collaboration week. Read the poster dude.

She busily begins to reorganize the sign-up sheets.

Jackson takes a closer look at the banner, and sees "Collaborative Art Project!"

Jackson sighs dispassionately and trudges to the side.

Quinn, in line behind him, walks up with an air of confidence and a spring in his step. He signs up for the contest and picks up an info sheet, quickly running after Jackson. Quinn taps his shoulder, and Jackson turns around.

QUINN

(shouting over the noise)
Hey! Jackson, right? We're in the same AP art class.

JACKSON

Oh, yeah.

QUINN

(Cheerful)
I'm Quinn! Do you... have a partner yet?

JACKSON

(anxiously)
uhm... no.

QUINN

Wanna work together?

Quinn sticks out his hand for a handshake with a wide, cheerful smile.

Jackson is hesitant, but then slowly reaches his hand out. Suddenly, Quinn's friends show up, throwing their arms around him.

BECKHAM
(condescending)
Dude, you actually signed up for
that art thing?

Quinn is startled, and his expression turns strained. He apologetically smiles at Jackson.

Jackson looks away.

ALBERT
Come to the party tonight man, The
boys are bringing drinks.

MICHAEL
(Teasingly)
I heard all of Sarah's friends will
be there~

Michael elbows Quinn, smirking.

Jackson looks disgusted.

Quinn is dragged off by his friends. He looks back helplessly as he vanishes into the crowd.

3 INT. LIBRARY DURING LUNCH (NEW DAY)

3

Jackson is sitting alone drawing in the corner of the library, listening to music. The info sheet sits next to his sketchbook, still blank.

Quinn pokes his head out of the bookshelf behind him, and sneaks up next to him, peeking at his drawing.

Jackson jumps in bewilderment and quickly shuts his sketchbook.

QUINN
Ooh. Awesome drawing.

JACKSON
Dude what the hell?

QUINN
My bad! Didn't mean to scare you.

Quinn takes a seat right beside him.

QUINN
 Sorry about yesterday, my friends
 can be a lot.

He laughs awkwardly.

Jackson stares.

Quinn glances at the info sheet.

QUINN
 Still looking for a partner?

JACKSON
 Yeah...

QUINN
 (enthusiastically)
 We should totally work together!
 It'd be so fun.

JACKSON
 (doubtful)
 Don't you have like... parties to
 go to?

QUINN
 Don't worry about that! I promise
 I'll put in the work!

JACKSON
 Okay fine. But I really need you to
 take this seriously.

QUINN
 Yeah I gotchu! You free afterschool
 today?

4 EXT. PICNIC TABLE AFTER SCHOOL

4

In a quiet, secluded area, Quinn and Jackson sit across from each other, brainstorming ideas, looking at the sketches laid out in front of them.

Quinn leans his cheek on his palm, as his foot taps the ground lazily. He stares into Jackson's eyes. Jackson is still with a dead serious expression, legs crossed.

QUINN
 (excited)
 How about something less
 traditional, like a sculpture or a
 mosaic?

JACKSON
(irritated, conflicted)
No way.

Quinn seems surprised and a little hurt by Jackson's response, his cheerful expression falling.

JACKSON
I was thinking a painting. That's what I'm best at.

Quinn sighs and slouches slightly.

QUINN
(playful, challenging)
Don't you want to branch out?

Quinn leans forward, eyebrows raised.

Jackson leans back and looks down at his feet.

JACKSON
I need to win this.

Jackson points at one of the sketches.

JACKSON
What about this one?

Quinn glances at the paper with interest and nods approvingly.

QUINN
This is really good.

Unconsciously, Jackson sits up straighter.

QUINN
What about color?

JACKSON
The lack of color is the whole point. It's supposed to represent a dead world.

QUINN
(amused)
Well, then, you can definitely tell!

Quinn giggles in amusement. Then throws his head back and laughs, almost falling off the bench.

Jackson's expression darkens. He feels like Quinn is poking fun at him. His whole body tenses up. He looks away with a hurt expression.

Quinn realizes what he's done, and stops laughing immediately. He grabs Jackson's hand, as if scared Jackson might leave.

QUINN
 (panicked, remorseful)
 I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I like it. We
 can do this.

Jackson looks at him doubtfully.

JACKSON
 Are you sure?

QUINN
 (hopeful)
 Yeah! How about we start working in
 the studio after school tomorrow?

Jackson stares at their intertwined hands with a slight confusion before giving a small nod of agreement.

5 INT. STUDIO

5

Quinn arrives at the art studio to see that Jackson is already painting on the large canvas in the middle of the room.

QUINN
 (betrayed)
 Hey! Aren't we supposed to do this
 together?

Jackson pauses mid stroke and looks back at Quinn, expression indifferent.

JACKSON
 (Nonchalant)
 Yeah, but I wanted to get started
 right away.

Quinn steps closer and grabs a paintbrush for himself.

QUINN
 (pouty)
 You could have told me first. I
 would have been here sooner.

Jackson shrugs apologetically before turning back to the painting and continuing to paint the whole canvas black.

Quinn dips his paint brush and begins to help Jackson cover the canvas black.

Jackson glances at Quinn, and his demeanor softens.

6 EXT/INT. MONTAGE

6

Quinn and Jackson grow closer to each other, working on the painting enthusiastically, going to buy paint at the paint store down the street, and frolicking/goofing off in the studio, doing things like balancing a paint brush on their lips. The painting slowly comes together, it starts to look like the dead world that Jackson had sketched.

7 EXT. SCHOOL, LUNCHTIME

7

Quinn is hanging out with his friend group. Jackson runs over, stressed.

JACKSON

Quinn! I need to talk to yo-

Jackson overhears Michael talking about a party happening tonight. Quinn's friends stand to leave.

MICHAEL

Have fun with your stupid art project.

Chest bump. Fist bump.

QUINN

Haha, yeah. See ya guys.

Quinn cringes and laughs it off as he looks back at his friend group.

QUINN

(Sighs, visibly irritated)
Hey, what's up?

JACKSON

(Anxious)
So, are you going to the party?

QUINN

I don't really want to go... But if I don't Michael's gonna kick my ass.

JACKSON
 (Stressed, rambling)
 Exhibition is tomorrow. We need to
 get this done. Quinn, I really need
 you right now.

Quinn grabs Jackson's shoulders.

QUINN
 Hey, hey, deep breaths. We got
 this. Don't worry, we'll work on it
 today and tomorrow. I'll be there.
 It'll all be okay.

JACKSON
 Okay, see you after school.

Quinn smiles reassuringly, but still seems worried.

8 INT/EXT. ART STUDIO

8

Quinn and Jackson work tirelessly on the painting.

JACKSON
 (panicked)
 Shit! we ran out of black paint!

QUINN
 I'll go check the storage closet.

Quinn checks the closet frantically, rummaging between
 buckets of paint.

QUINN
 (Stressed)
 Dammit! Nothing.

Quinn looks back at Jackson, panicked.

JACKSON
 Fuck! What do we do?

Jackson looks back at Quinn, eyes wide.

QUINN
 I'll run to the paint store.

Quinn throws off his apron in a rush.

JACKSON
 I'll keep working.

QUINN

Okay, I'll be right back.

Quinn sprints out the door.

Jackson continues to paint, his movements a bit more frantic.

9 INT/EXT. SIDEWALK/PAINT STORE

9

Quinn runs down the street. He checks his phone: 3%. He stuffs it in his pocket and continues to the paint shop, flinging the door open and dashing inside.

Quinn scours the aisles, searching for black paint.

His phone rings: Michael.

QUINN

Hello?

MICHAEL

(Drunkenly)

Yo, Quinn. Where ya at bro? You said you'd be here.

QUINN

I can't Michael... This project is really important to me man.

MICHAEL

Bro don't play with me right now. You're a fucking loser man.

QUINN

Bro what are you on right now?

MICHAEL

I'm checking your location... Oh shit man! You're at the paint store? That's right across the street from Albert's house. We're coming to get you now.

QUINN

Are you serious? Not cool dude! I'll come another time, not now.

After waiting in line for a few minutes, Quinn is now in the middle of buying the medium size paint tube. He moves to the door to leave.

MICHAEL

We're here.

Quinn stops to stares at his phone with an expression of dread when Michael hangs up. Quinn tries to call Jackson, but his phone dies right before he hits the call button.

QUINN

Oh, fuck!

Quinn's friends stumble in drunkenly.

ALBERT

Where've you been these past couple days dude? Are you avoiding us or something?

BECKHAM

Bruh that project's lame. Why you doing that shit.

MICHAEL

Just come to the party and we'll be chill bruh.

Quinn groans, conflicted. He shoves the paint tube in his pocket.

QUINN

(Sigh of exasperation)
Fine, I'll come but only for a bit.

QUINN'S FRIENDS

(cheering)
Ayy, Let's gooo!!

Quinn reluctantly gives in and allows himself to be dragged away.

10 INT. STUDIO

10

Jackson stands in front of the canvas. He keeps glancing at the door, expecting Quinn to come through at any moment. As the minutes tick by, Jackson taps his foot anxiously. After an hour goes by, he begins pacing. Jackson calls Quinn 10 times, but it goes straight to voicemail without fail.

11 INT. PARTY

11

Quinn seems like he's having a good time at the party. But really, he feels guilty about leaving Jackson. He takes a shot, and gets pushed around by his friends. He reaches into his pocket and feels the paint tube.

12 INT. STUDIO**12**

Jackson did what he could without the black paint. He checks Instagram stories. He sees Albert's story, which has a video of Quinn taking a shot at the party. Jackson loses faith in Quinn, he realizes that he is exactly who Jackson thought he was all along. He puts his phone away in frustration, and lies down, defeated.

13 INT/EXT. PARTY**13**

Quinn is standing by a wall, alone, at the party. He stares down at the tube of black paint in his hands. He reminisces about all the good times he had with Jackson. In that moment, he realizes he made the wrong choice. He pushes through the crowd of people, elbowing his way to the front door.

MICHAEL

Where the hell do you think you're going?

QUINN

I need to go back.

MICHAEL

Go back where?

QUINN

To finish my project.

MICHAEL

Why do you care so much about that stupid project?

QUINN

Why do you care so much about this stupid party?

Quinn starts walking away.

QUINN

You guys don't even fucking care about me! You just want me here for your stupid crazy funks. I'm leaving.

With that, Quinn sprints down the street. Not bothering to look back. He hears his friends muttering in disbelief behind him.

Quinn runs down the street as fast as he can, and throws the door to the art studio open.

QUINN

Jackson?

He finds Jackson curled up on the floor, asleep. Quinn shrugs off his jacket, and places it on Jackson's shoulders.

QUINN

I'm sorry Jackson.

Quinn looks at the clock: 3 am.

Ignoring his exhaustion, Quinn cracks his knuckles and his neck, and rolls up his sleeves. He picks up his paint brush and gets to work. Quinn starts adding splashes of color to the painting.

FADE TO BLACK.

14 INT. STUDIO

14

The sun rises, casting beams of light onto Jackson's face. He grumbles sleepily, and opens his eyes. Quinn's jacket rolls off his shoulders. He stumbles up, remembering where he is.

Quinn is in front of him, working on the painting, which looks different from how it was when Jackson left it. Quinn wipes the sweat off his brow, not noticing that Jackson is awake.

JACKSON

Quinn?

Quinn whips around.

QUINN

(relieved)
You're awake.

The memories of last night, start to come back to Jackson.

JACKSON

(fuming)
Why'd you even bother coming back?
You seemed like you were having the
time of your life getting drunk at
that stupid party last night. I saw
the videos that Albert posted.

QUINN

(stuttering)
Wa-wa-wait!! I can explain! Wait,
videos?

Quinn takes out his phone, but it's dead.

QUINN
 Fuck, I tried to call you but my phone was dead.

QUINN
 (rambling, remembering)
 It was- It was- they showed up at the paint shop! They dragged me to the party. I hated it, so I left. And then I-

JACKSON
 (calmly)
 Woah, calm down. It's okay, just tell me what happened.

Quinn takes a deep breath.

QUINN
 I'm sorry. I fucked up. But you're way more important to me than them. And I care about this project. I want to win this with you.

JACKSON
 How can I be sure that you're not going to leave me for them again? You let me down, Quinn. When I needed you!

QUINN
 I know. It was my fault. I'm sorry. But I'm here now, and I hope you can forgive me.

JACKSON
 Okay, but promise you'll never do that again.

Quinn reaches his hand for Jackson's.

QUINN
 I promise.

Jackson takes his hand. They embrace tightly.

15 INT. STUDIO

15

Quinn and Jackson look at each other and nod. They begin painting together.

When they finish, they step back to admire their work, looking proud. They high-five victoriously.

16 INT/EXT. EXHIBITION/ AUDITORIUM

16

Everybody applauds as the award ceremony commences.

ANNOUNCER

And second place goes to Jackson
and Quinn!

Jackson beams widely while Quinn gazes at him with a small smile. They both stand and Jackson pulls Quinn along to the stage to receive their award.

They run up to the stage, they receive their award while the crowd claps.

Quinn and Jackson look at each other proudly.

FADE TO BLACK.